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Gertrude to Hamlet · *Lee Upton*

Inside, the turned liver,

the shiny capsules, slippery,
the taffeta bladders
and envelopes. Would you divide

the anatomical destinies of a twinned
heart? I have no business
that is not a functioning

mystery to you, a blooming peony
and a purse of tears.

Dust, ash, or nothingness,
what tears in
bursting waves, ill-tempered stresses.

Say what you please I am
up to my hands
in a split creature.

Which makes my body my own.
I live in it,
I gather my own into it.

Otherwise, who would you be,
beginning to be?
You wander my throne like measles.